



NOW ON SALE.

THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY.

FOR 1876.

With which is incorporated  
"THE CHINA DIRECTORY."THIS WORK, IN THE FOURTEENTH  
YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, IS

NOW READY FOR SALE.

It has been compiled and printed at the  
Daily Press Office, as usual, from the best  
and most authentic sources, and no pains  
have been spared to make the work com-  
plete in all respects.In addition to the usual varied and  
voluminous information the "CHRONICLE  
AND DIRECTORY FOR 1876" contains a  
CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH

OF A

PLAN OF VICTORIA, HONGKONG.

THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF

SHANGHAI.

A Chromo-Lithograph Plate of the  
NEW CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE AT  
THE PEAK;

also of

THE VARIOUS HOUSE FLAGS  
(Designed expressly for the Work.)

MAPS OF HONGKONG, JAPAN,

THE

P. &amp; O. COMPANY'S ROUTES,

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THE COAST OF CHINA;

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NEW CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE  
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NOTICE.

A. S. WATSON & CO.,  
FAMILY AND DISPENSING  
CHEMISTS.By Appointment to His Excellency the  
Governor and His Royal Highness the  
DUCES OF EDINBURGH,  
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NOTICE TO CONFIDENTIALS.

An Agent of the Firm has been made with our friends  
to receive all correspondence from the Government of good will  
and every letter sent to them hereafter is to be forwarded.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—Dated.

The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, OCTOBER 20th, 1876.

Perhaps the greatest of all nuisances in  
connection with the Chinese colonists in the  
Straits Settlements is to be found in the  
existence among them of the Secret Societies.  
Numerous complaints have, from time to  
time, appeared in the columns of the Press  
respecting their conduct, and it seems, ac-  
cording to Major Durbar's last Police  
Report, that they are as active and trouble-  
some as ever. In Penang the Superintendent  
of Police states that most of the crimes  
arose out of the Secret Societies. The Hoysa  
are, he says, growing more injurious every  
day and exert a most injurious effect on the  
community. They are a refuge for the  
criminal, and are therefore a curse to crime.  
A similar report comes from Malacca. Se-  
veral murders took place there last De-  
cember in consequence of a quarrel between  
the two rival Hoysa. In Singapore, Secret  
Societies have been kept more in check, and  
outwardly give but little trouble, he adds.  
Major Durbar significantly, "should dis-  
content arise amongst the Chinese popula-  
tion, these Hoysa will assuredly prove  
a source of great trouble and danger  
to the Settlement." The quarrel between  
the Hoysa which occurred in Malacca, at the  
end of last year, arose from a most trivial  
cause, but it threatened to give serious trouble  
to the Government. In view of the possible  
consequences of a conspiracy being developed  
at any time by these Secret Societies, there-  
fore, Major Durbar advocates a system of  
registration of Chinese and the appointment  
of an European Protector able to speak  
and write their language. This officer should  
be assisted by learning Chinese, and should  
have an office at Singapore open to all. His duty  
would require him to register all Chinese  
merchants, associations, clubs, and  
Secret Societies while all Chinese publica-  
tions would be the same.

tion and notices issued by private chaps or  
persons should be submitted to and stamped  
by him before being published, under a  
penalty. The Straits Government would thus  
it is thought, be able to obtain an amount of  
valuable information for the purpose of  
either amending past, or enacting future  
legislation. The *Singapore Times* is of  
opinion that this proposal would be cum-  
brous and expensive, while it would prove  
ineffective because the Chinese would not  
go to be registered. Our contemporary  
believes that the Secret Societies cannot be  
suppressed, and that, as the sole object to  
be obtained in the preservation of order,  
is to obtain the services of the Chinese  
Government.

A correspondent writes to us, says the *Satava*,  
Handwritten of the 25th ultimo, as follows from  
Java's first point.—On Sunday evening last the  
British barque *Wales*, from Cardiff to  
Singapore with a cargo of coal, in a calm, and  
with a strong current, struck towards Java's  
West coast (Java Head). The engine soon  
gave up, and the vessel was driven ashore, but it  
was not until the 23rd that the crew were  
able to get away from the shore, but it  
was the current inexorably carried the ship  
in that direction. At length the captain decided  
to preserve the ship if possible by casting  
her, but the great depth frustrated the  
endeavour. So, by about six p.m. the vessel  
was amid the surf, and the moon shone brightly  
over the scene, the crew were driven ashore  
at 2 a.m. and were assisted and received with  
kindness by the people employed in building  
the lighthouse. This is the second  
time that they have acted in a similar  
manner towards our British neighbours. We  
hope that their services will be acknowledged  
by the British Government.

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LONDON, ENGLAND.—Dated.

The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, OCTOBER 20th, 1876.

Return of Visitors to the City Hall Library, and  
Museum for the week ending October 19th.

Day	Visitors	Out
Monday	25	476
Tuesday	26	226
Saturday	54	143
Sunday	20	30
Monday	20	489
Tuesday	20	456
Wednesday	31	503
Total	128	243

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by a woman named Chan Aobin with stealing  
a sum of money from her. The woman  
was a widow, and the man was a  
trader, so the woman was not afraid to speak  
out. The woman was sent to the police  
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## EXTRACTS.

"NATIVE LAND."  
Our arms obey no people's nod,  
Nor gleam with courage's glory,  
We tread the steps of death or trod,  
We gave the battle, and we won,  
We kept the grand old ship,  
Our native land, our heart and hand.

Are thine on field or foam?

And shared to be, by land or sea,  
Who will not strive for home!

From all the honoured fields of fame,  
Whence they bailed back the stranger,

The hero who died for Britain's name,

With twice ten thousand eyes of fame,

Will water their sepulchre of fame,

Our native land, &c.

They stand ready in the land,  
And shelter friend and child, and wife—

Our marshes must uphold her,

Our native land, &c.

By many a link to Britain bound,

Full high our hearts are beating;

And stanch those hearts still shall be found,

When white death's hollows whelms round.

We share the foeman's meeting,

Our native land, &c.

Our work shall speed when once begun,

Spite, larceny, race, or treason,

Crime, and sin, and sin, and sin done,

Come we well as the battle won;

Or know the soft rebuke,

Dear native land, &c.

And should we be, by land or sea,

Are thine on field or foam?

And stanch those hearts still shall be found,

Who will not strive for home!

—Spectator.

TANAKANTARA.

A REMARKABLE DWARF.

Several medical men, including Drs. Alexander Mott, J. L. Little, J. M. Merrill, E. Hudson, and S. Root, lately visited by invitation the Mexican dwarf, Lucia Zarate, at Tony Pastor's theatre in New York. These visitors said the seemed perfect in structure, health, and intelligence. She understands and talks Spanish and a few words of English. She is getting her second teeth; and although the doctors could not tell whether or not she was twelve years old, as claimed, they said she had teeth which could not have under six years of age. She was about, shock hand's width, and had a little of those pock marks, so to say, of M. Hugo himself, actually saw a decided pock mark, and might not be the good fortune of spectators before any one else in the Doublette rooms or the Boutiques? It is to be feared, however, that the romance of the dwarf's life has suffered much since we took to killing him, the octopus, and found that he was very vulgar, mortal indeed. The dwarf at the Brighton Aquarium has in this matter much to answer for; and though there is, of course, no reason in the nature of things why a large pock mark should not attack a man, or even a gigantic kraken seize and submerge a ship, merely because a dogfish has eaten a small octopus still, the imagination is thus illogically affected. The woman, so to say, of M. Hugo's mate, moreover, was descended on the day that the Brighton specimen was descended by his sharkish neighbour. But the advance of knowledge, fatal to superstitious persons, increased genuine scientific interest, and the pock marks alone is this interest to be gratified by a visit to the Island of Sarks. Its coast is bound with marine and littoral life, all kinds; and there is probably no spot of size with an easy reach in which the naturalist could find a better field for his investigations. When we add to the whole Island itself its standing geological curiosity, and that in varied beauty and boldness of rock scenery, it is understood even by the best parts of the Doublette rooms that have had enough of justifying those bounds, that it is bound the visitors, plus, twice a week between St. Peter Port and the little island. The transit of about seven miles from Guernsey is performed usually in a little more than an hour; and the passenger has ample opportunity, and courage to strangers in the world.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

The American *Archæologist* says: "Of the public buildings standing in Boston 100 years ago but four remain, and in order of age these are—Christ Church, the Old South, the Old State House, and the Stone Chapel. The first and last named remain essentially unchanged. Christ Church left its steeple in 1804, and it was rebuilt in 1807. Stone Chapel remains just as it was a century ago, without and within. In 1808 the Queen's Chapel, the first Episcopal church in New England, was erected on the site of the present Stone Chapel, on the corner of School and Tremont Streets. It was named Queen's Chapel, in honour of Queen Anne, then King's Chapel for her successor, and on the termination of the colonial government the present edifice took the name of Stone Chapel, although the preceding name was, and is still, sometimes used. In 1749 the corner-stone of the present Stone Chapel was laid by Governor Shirley. In 1756 a new organ was purchased, built by Adam Smith, of London. In 1830 the rector, alluding to this organ, said—'The tradition that it was selected by Handel himself should be received as founded in truth. Handel died in 1759, and although blind eight years before, his ears must probably judged of its tones and powers, and his own hands have rested on the keys. This organ was in use from 1756 to 1860.'

## THE HOLY LAND.

The Bible is an English book—the first of English books, and an exact knowledge of the secureries of the sacred story is a permanent English work. Most people are pleased to read about the antiquities of London, York, and Chester; but for one Englishman there cares about ancient London, ancient York, ancient Chester, a hundred English families are anxious to have true pictures in their minds of ancient Jerusalem, ancient Bethlehem, and ancient Nazareth. Our interest in the Holy Land is like an article of faith. A good account of the Roman wall of London, with the situation of the several posts, may excite a languid curiosity at an archaeological point; but a description of the wall of all Zion, or of the real position of the Gate of Gethsemane, is followed by thousands of people with the same interest. Our concern with Roman Zion is exclusively our concern with Roman Zion. The religious Cavalry lay out an excuse for any similar mistake. The tunnel is now plain enough to the approaching visitor, even before he touches the pierce in one of the small landing-boats which are necessary to convey him from the steamer's side to the shallow waters of the harbour. The road which passes through the tunnel, ascending almost continuously for a longish, twenty minutes' walk, conveys him to the summit of the table-land upon which, at a distance of some half a mile apart, the two lumps of the islands are located. At either one of these, if, *nota bene*, no visitor is careful to avoid the full rush of the tourist season, when the modest accommodating powers of the two houses are seriously overtaxed) as pleasant and healthful a week may be spent in any part of the British dominions. The little isle is but three miles in length, by one and a half in breadth, and hardly more; therefore, than half an hour's walk will suffice to convey him from his central head-quarters to any spot on the island which he may wish to visit. To the southward lies the Goppe, a narrow ridge (or a broader, indeed, than the somewhat break-neck-looking road that is carried across it) connecting, like the knife-edge path to the Mithimnean paradise, the northern portion of the island, whimsically dignified as "Goss' Sark" with its southern segment, Little Sark. The view of this remarkable spot alone would be sufficient to repay the tourist for his visit. Nowhere does the tremendous power of the consuming sea so impress the spectator as when standing upon this mere granite wall, between the eastern and western coast line of Sark, with the waves on either hand, busy at their secular labour hundreds of feet below him, patiently wasting the rocky bases of the ridge till the day when the eastern waters shall meet and the island be rent in twain; for good and all. But it is not in presence of this unique spectacle or among the wonders of the Gouffé caravans, and the Boutiques—the "show places" of Sark—that the released Idaioner longing for rest will most love to while away his time. The island has many a fairy cave and cleft, unhaunted, or little haunted by a gazing man, full in view from the granite cliffs above them, where he can lie for hours with no sight before him but the silent rocks and sea, blue with a depth and purity to shame the waters after strange Mediterranean waters—no sound below him, or above but the murmur of the waves at his feet and the dry that decends faintly to him from the peeling gulls.

And should these pleasures fall upon him, there is a not easily exhaustible source of "survivals" from the time when communication with the mainland was only possible at rare and uncertain intervals, and when it sometimes became necessary for the priest, assuming the authority of the captain of a vessel, to put the inhabitants upon rations. Close to the village church, and the priest's house is the mixed school for boys and girls; under the management of Sisters of Charity, who distribute alms to the poor and mend up the prescriptions of the priest. When he is called upon to act as doctor,

## THE ISLAND OF SARK.

There are major reasons—no doubt, of somewhat unequal value—why the visitor to Guernsey or Jersey should extend his tour to Sark. The chances are, in the first place, that he has imbibed a very early desire to visit the little island—a desire dating from the day of the geography primer and the time when Sark first piqued his childhood curiosity with her ungracious and unexpected inconveniences, upsetting the apparently safe deduction that all the names of the Channel Islands end in "eye." With years that bring the philosophic mind, the wish to know more of this exceptionally named place merely on the ground of its name ceases to be a devouring passion. It is only the impatience of childhood, which resents the abnormal merely as such; and even before the period of adolescence is fairly reached, the mind learns to accept the name of Sark with composure if not with complete approval. But by this time very likely other sources of interest have arisen to attract "the growing boy." He has no doubt, by this time, passed under the spell of Victor Hugo. He has learned his "Tolstoi of the Sea," he heart, perhaps, and in so doing has treasured up, in his memory, the footnotes and incidental allusions, wherein the poet now and again hints that Sark is even richer in marine wonder than the island which is the actual scene of his romance. Gilberth's thrilling fight with the devil-fish took place, indeed, in the Doublette rooms or the Boutiques? It is to be feared, however, that the romance of the devil-fish has suffered much since we took to killing him, the octopus, and found that he was very vulgar, mortal indeed. The dwarf at the Brighton Aquarium has in this matter much to answer for; and though there is, of course, no reason in the nature of things why a large pock mark should not attack a man, or even a gigantic kraken seize and submerge a ship, merely because a dogfish has eaten a small octopus still, the imagination is thus illogically affected.

Sark is not overburdened with the appliances of a civilization beyond its needs. In one of the "notes" in the "green navel of the isle," a sturdy farmer may be sometimes seen with his coat off doing a spell of work upon his land. This is the *Senechal* of Sark, a Cousin of the old Roman Republic with his flocks laid aside. It is not given to every one to behold this dignitary when he assumes his judicial functions, and seated in the parish schoolroom of Sark, adjudicates upon cases of drunkenness, minor assaults, and petty larcenies. Near this extemporized courthouse stands the prison of Sark, at stone edifice about twenty feet square, which, under some pressure, might perhaps accommodate as many as half a dozen prisoners at a time. But Sark is happy even than Republican Rome in beholding herself not only "uo contentum caro," but unable even to fill its very small prison with malefactors. It opens door swings sideways and from on high, and in the doorway lingers a blue-bloused peasant puffing lazily at his pipe. To the somewhat doubting question whether this really is the prison, he replies with a ready affirmative, but to the inquiry whether it contains any prisoners, he answers with a negative of almost indignant surprise at the absurdity of the question. Such is the virtue of the island that the *Senechal* of Sark appears to bear the sword in vain. Civil jurisdiction by his "bone" and should two Sarkites dispute over a small debt they must go to the Royal Court at Guernsey, there to plead one another. But it is seldom, we suspect, that even these cases occur among this "happy breed of men," too honest to honest each other, and too indolent to waste time in litigation. Here they wear out their days—a hardy, frugal, blamable race of peasants and fishermen, at peace with themselves and with one another, and, so far as the visitor is concerned, yielding nothing to the inhabitants of the larger islands in those qualities which make the Guernsey peasants out of the most kindly and courteous to strangers in the world.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## IRISH ANECDOTES.

"A priest was bearing confessions one Saturday, and a boy came to him and said he had a red hot sun in his mind. 'Well, my good boy, come on with it,' said his Reverence. 'Sure, we must all be forgiven.' 'Well, what is it now?' 'Ach, den by the Holy Father, I do be always saying, 'Ach, den by the Holy Father.' 'You do, I be very bad, my boy. Now, how does do you be saying that? Do you say it twigs aod aod?' 'Oh, bege, and I do and more, your Reverence.' 'This is very bad, indeed, my good boy. Go home, now, said the priest, 'and get your sister to make you a bag, and hang it round your neck, and every time you say 'By the Holy Father,' he will be better able to understand why he was delayed four hours in his passage from Weymouth or Southampton to Guernsey a few days previously, and why his steamer lay-by half-hour at a time in the mist, or when the weather cleared over so little, crept on at a snail's pace, taking soundings every ten minutes."

The first impression conveyed upon hearing the Cruz harbour at Sark, is that the traveller has been made the victim of the most elaborate and costly practical joke ever perpetrated. Some humour or other, prepared to go to any length in the practicalization of his waggish propensities, appears to have assumed himself by arranging a lottery and sold staves in front of the face of an inaccessible cliff; and the visitor expects to find himself on landing, shut out from the interior of the island by a wall of sheer precipices, practicable to no living creature save those endowed with the powers of the goat or the seagull. A closer approach, however, destroys the illusion by revealing a tunnel piercing the cliff, the entrance to which directly faces the mouth of the harbour. Not so was it—some back, when his Reverence was bearing confessions in his box, and he heard an awful noise in the church; as he looked out of the door, and what does he see but his penitent, and his dragon a neck upon the ledge of the church. "Lady Mulroy," says he, "what do you mean to conduct as in this church?" "Sure, we're always saying, 'Ach, den by the Holy Father,' and the rest, you know." "This is very bad, indeed, my good boy. Go home, now, said the priest, 'and get your sister to make you a bag, and hang it round your neck, and every time you say 'By the Holy Father,' he will be better able to understand why he was delayed four hours in his passage from Weymouth or Southampton to Guernsey a few days previously, and why his steamer lay-by half-hour at a time in the mist, or when the weather cleared over so little, crept on at a snail's pace, taking soundings every ten minutes."

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